

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

VOLUME 26

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, MONDAY, JULY 24, 1882.

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NUMBER 111

Republican Congressional District Convention.
FIRST DISTRICT.
A Republican Convention of the First Congressional District of the State of Wisconsin, composed of the counties of Kenosha, Racine, Walworth, Rock and Jefferson, is hereby called to meet at the village of Geneva, in Walworth county, on the 19th day of August, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon of that day, to nominate a candidate for Congress for the District for the next ensuing two years. Each Senate and Assembly District will be entitled to two delegates in the convention.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
D. H. BAINES,
E. KNOS,
T. G. WISH,
H. S. THOMP,
Committee.

Republican Senatorial Convention.
A Republican Senatorial Convention of the Seventeenth Senatorial District, comprising the county of Rock, is hereby called to meet at the Court House, in the city of Janesville, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, to select two Senatorial Delegates to represent the district in the Republican Congressional Convention for the First Congressional District of Wisconsin, to be held at the village of Geneva, Walworth county, on the 19th of August, 1882, and to transact any other business that may be deemed appropriate. Each of the towns and wards will be entitled to the same number of delegates as in the County Convention.

JOHN R. BENNETT,
S. T. MERRILL,
L. A. BENNETT,
S. S. NORTHROP,
WM. H. TRIPP,
Committee.

President Stearns, of the State Normal School at Whitewater, has the thanks of the Gazette for a late catalogue of that institution.

Two men are noted in the Third district who are not candidates for Congress—William F. Vilas, of Madison, and J. Montgomery Smith, of Mineral Point. The Third district may congratulate itself that it has two prominent citizens who wouldn't go to Congress if they could, and couldn't if they would.

General Atwood, editor and proprietor of the Wisconsin State Journal, has been in the printing business fifty years, having first entered a printing office on the 23rd of July, 1832. Thirty-five years of these fifty, have been spent in Madison, and thirty years of that time have been devoted to editing and publishing the State Journal. For himself the General says: "As for ourselves, we enter upon the second half of our life as a printer, with good health, and with a strong desire to continue our connection with the printing business, as when fifty years ago we put in place our first type." General Atwood has many warm personal friends throughout the State, who will wish him many more years of health and business prosperity.

Several days ago the Gazette gave the fact that the question of allowing some six thousand Chinese in Cuba to go to their homes in China by the way of the United States, had been submitted to the Attorney General. That official has made a decision which is that under the present law, these six thousand heathen Chinese cannot take the short cut for home by passing through any part of this country and taking steamers at San Francisco for the Celestial Empire. If this is the law it is an outrage and should be amended so that it would have at least a spirit of seeming justice about it. When the laws of the United States won't let a company of Chinese stop on American soil on their way home, it is about time to change the tenor of our fourth-of-July orations.

When United States Senator Ben Hill took his bed on which he will die, he thought over the past and said:

"I had desired to live for two reasons, chief among which was that I might have made a speech, which I had partly prepared, to the people of this whole country upon the relations between the white man and the black man. I have always been in favor of giving the negro equal and exact justice—nothing more and nothing less. My friend, we cannot have good government or stable society in the land when one party seeks to dominate the other by the use of the negro vote."

When Mr. Hill was in the House, and when he was promoted to the Senate, and had free use of all his faculties, he did not talk in that way. He had a chance then to do something for the colored race—to say one word, at least, that he desired them to vote as they pleased, without intimidation or fear of violence, to be let alone in the South as they were in the North, but he did not say one word to rebuke the political and social outrages against the colored men in his own State and throughout the South. Now that he sees that it is the end of life with him, he regrets that time will not deal kindly enough with him to allow him to recall some lost opportunities.

As there is much solicitude regarding the condition of President William B. Strong, and many discouraging reports having been published concerning him, we are glad to state on the authority of the Beloit Free Press, that his condition is decidedly hopeful. It is said that Mr. Strong's painful and dangerous illness first manifested itself some two months ago in what proved to be an abscess directly back of his left eye. The special danger in the case arose from the original abscess, and it now appears that the operation for the removal of it was not effectually performed, and although temporary relief was obtained and for a time it was thought the patient was on the way to recovery, the case became very seriously complicated again, and some two weeks ago a collection of three eminent surgeons was held, and the case placed in the hands of Dr. Cheever, Professor of Surgery in Harvard University.

A second and very thorough operation on that time, making an opening an inch and a half long over the eye, discovered the fact that the previous operation has only discharged the overflow of the pus-sac, but had not opened the sac itself. A letter from James W. Strong, of Carleton College, who is in Brookline, dated July 10th, says that his brother is in excellent spirits, with a good appetite, and improving. Of course he is compelled to avoid thinking about business as much as possible and his physician advises several months of absolute rest. It is not thought that his sight will be permanently impaired at all but he will be likely to wear some scars for a while."

NEWS FROM THE WIRES

The Time for the Adjournment of Congress Not Yet Determined.

The Amount of Work Yet to be Done by That Body.

The Speech of Hamburg Butler in the Senate.

The Mysterious Disappearance of John Weber, at Watertown.

The Spirit of Vengeance again Predominates in Seattle, Wyoming.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

ADJOURNMENT QUESTION.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—When Congress will adjourn is still an unsettled problem, for although some Congressmen are of the opinion that the pending business can be settled next week, other members hold that the final hour is too nigh to prophesy about. It has been stated that the internal revenue bill would be finished in the Senate not later than Tuesday next, but unforeseen obstacles have thus far retarded progress very materially. Senator Beck is quoted as saying that the tax bill must be thoroughly and carefully considered before any agreement can be reached regarding its passage, as the elements it contains are too important to be carelessly put aside. The action of both houses on the appropriation bills, and especially before conference committees, seems to indicate a more careful scrutiny of these measures than for several past Congresses, and, at the rate of speed thus far, it may be several weeks before the sums are overruled. Meanwhile, there is a steady exodus of Congressmen to the various summer resorts, and to their homes to look after dilapidated fences, and the Republican column in the House has sensibly diminished, so that it would be difficult to obtain a quorum to carry out some necessary measures without a delay of at least three days. A small reserve of Democrats are kept in their seats to watch the movements of the opposition, and one of the leaders said to-day that, if anything of importance comes up, they would offer steady resistance till a quorum was present on the other side.

HAMBURG BUTLER.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The remarks made by Senator Butler, the hero of the Hamburg massacre, occupy the most prominent place in The Record to-day. In view of the fact that statements by Congressman Miller referring to the connection of Butler with the massacre are borne out by his (Butler's) own evidence before Senator Cameron's investigation committee, the bitter assault made by Butler yesterday is not expected to pass without further notice from Miller. The speech is clearly characteristic. Mr. Miller is without for the ability with which he strikes back when assailed, and some interesting developments are expected. Butler is a fine specimen of the chivalry of the South—a man who fights duels—and if Miller is anything of a blue blood a meeting will be in order.

THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE.

Portland, Ore., July 23.—An unsuccessful attempt was made Friday night to burn the town of Seattle, W. T. The attempt was overtaken by a brother of Payne, who was lynched last spring by citizens of the place, and his gang of desperadoes. At the top of the bell the vigilance committee hastily prepared a list of the names of twenty prominent rascals and notified them to leave the place before daylight or take the consequences. The order was obeyed and the town cleared. Payne, the ringleader, is in custody.

MYSTERIOUS.

WATERTOWN, July 22.—Great excitement prevails here this evening over the disappearance of John Weber, of the milling firm of May, Weber & Co. He left the company's office at 12 o'clock this noon and started for his home, a few blocks away to get his dinner. Not arriving there in due time suspicions were aroused. A diligent search ensued. No cause can be assigned for his disappearance, as he was always known to have been in a good state of mind and always very particular about informing his family regarding his whereabouts. Small parties have been sent in all directions to search for him. Up to this hour, 11:30 o'clock p. m., no trace of him has been discovered. The river will be dragged in the morning, as there is a possibility that he attempted to cross the dam between the mills and fell off and drowned.

HEADACHE—Particularly is removed and permanently cured with Zorosa. Try a 10 cent sample. It regulates the Stomach and Liver. Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

FOUND IN THE LAKE.

Ernest Spencer's Body Discovered by a Fisherman.

MILWAUKEE, July 23.—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Ernest Spencer, son of R. C. Spencer, was solved this morning by the discovery of the body of the missing boy in the lake, near the pier, where he was last seen. He was playing when he was last seen, a week ago this evening. At about 7 o'clock in the morning a number of boys were fishing and bathing on the pier, when a lad named Fredericks discovered what he thought to be the body of the boy. Telling his companions what he had seen, John Gern, who was bathing at the time, swam to the spot and ascertained that the dark object on the bottom, which had attracted the attention of the Fredericks boy, was Ernest's body. The place at which it was found was close by the north side of the pier, about forty feet from the shore, where the water was less than five feet in depth. The body was lying face downward, the head and shoulders being under the pier, in a hole washed out by the action of the waves, and the arms tightly clasped around a boulder. The body was also entangled in a clump of weeds, which the boy had been pulling. It was quite evident that the body had been in the place where it was found since the drowning, and it is strange that in the careful search made it was not discovered before. It is possible, however, that the hole under the pier might at one time have been entirely concealed, while those who saw the body in the water saw it was very difficult to distinguish it from the boulders among which it was found.

Shortly after the discovery the crew of the life-saving station made their appearance to make their usual morning search, and took the body to the shore, where it was left until the arrival of Undertaker Penock, who conveyed it to the residence. The coroner was notified, but deemed an inquest unnecessary. In the afternoon the remains were photographed, to provide a likeness for painting.

The news of the finding of the body spread rapidly, and was announced in several churches at the morning service, as was also the notice of the funeral, which occurred at 5 o'clock in the evening, at the residence, Rev. August F. Mason, pastor of the First Baptist church, conducted the funeral services, and the interment took place at Forest Home Cemetery. There was a profusion of flowers, and there were present a large number of sympathizing friends of the family.

Though the finding of the body has explained the great mystery, there is still much speculation as to how the drowning occurred. The appearance of the body was such as the day of the disappearance, and the generally accepted theory is that after leaving his companion on the pier and playing about the house, made a second visit to the pier alone and getting into the water unobserved.

Freshness and purity are commended to the complexion by GREEN'S SUN-TANNING SOAP.

"HILL'S FLAX DYE," black or brown, fifty cents.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

WICHITA, Kan., July 21.—On Monday last Mr. Frederick Bado, a farmer living near Andover, Butler county, Kas., came to this city with his wife and stopped at the Valley house. Bado stated to the proprietor that he might go away the next day, or remain a week. After dinner Mr. Bado went to the office of Healey & Neiderlander, where he received \$4,000 in cash for his farm. After receiving the amount Bado showed it to his wife and others, and started to the bank to deposit the money. It being after bank hours Bado returned to the hotel, explained the matter to his wife, and she assisted him in arranging the money in packages so that it could be carried conveniently. Mr. Bado then asked his wife if she needed any money for shopping. Bado then left the hotel and has never been seen since. Mrs. Bado is anxiously inquiring for news of her husband, but she has been unable to obtain any knowledge of his whereabouts or reason for his disappearance. Mrs. Bado states that she married Bado some five years since in the city of Chicago, and soon after their marriage came to Kansas, living on the farm for which Bado received \$4,000. That herself and Bado never loved, and that she and he can assign no cause for his disappearance, and fears that foul play has been practiced on her husband.

INSTANTLY KILLED.

Berrett, July 22.—A Chicago and North-western brakeman named Powers fell into a cattle guard at Roscoe this morning while the train was making a running switch, and was killed by the wheels running over his head.

WHOLESALE POISONING.

Boston, Mass., July 23.—The Herald's special from St. John's, N. B., says: "A large number of persons were poisoned at Moncton by using canned corned beef. One physician has over twenty patients. Several persons who did not believe the beef injurious partook a second time, and are in a dangerous condition."

"Four on One."

L. P. Follett, Marion, O., states that he has used "Troxas" Eucalypti Oil for burnings, and has found nothing to equal it in soothing the pain and giving relief. Sold by Palmer & Stevens and Schor & Co.

A Sleeping-Car Episode.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
A comical scene occurred on board a sleeping-car that left Cleveland. Among the passengers was a plain staid, Western "schoolmarm," who was going west on a vacation. She had secured a lower berth, but when about to retire discovered that a gentleman was to occupy the shelf above her. In the language of the porter she made a "body kick" against this arrangement, and finally declared that a company that had no more regard for a single lady's feelings than to make it was unworthy of the patronage of respectable people. The conductor was called, and after considerable trouble got the lessee on the shelf to take a lower berth in the next section. The gentleman slept without disturbing, and later in the night had occasion to get up

and get a drink of water. Before leaving the berth she pinned a piece of paper to the outside of the curtain in order she might make sure of it on her return. Her movements were observed by the gentleman whom she had caused to remove, and, he being a bit of a wag, he thought him that now was his chance to get even. Hastily removing the paper, he pinned it to the curtain of the berth of a Boston drummer, who was decidedly on the mash, and then awaited developments. In a little while the lady made the best of her way to where the paper was affixed, and got to bed. A moment later a succession of screams issued from the berth, followed by the alarmed lady and the now awakened drummer, who hopped out after her to see what the devil the racket was about. The scene that ensued beggars description, but can be fairly imagined. It took the conductor and porter an hour by the watch to pacify the enraged female, and even then refused to be mollified until she was given a state-room for her sole use for the remainder of the night.

The Very Greatest.
It is easily understood why W. W. Cole's Nine Consolidated Shows are called the greatest on earth upon their own merits. Ordinarily a half day should be taken to go through the museum alone where are found more terrible, beautiful, fascinating, instructive and queer things than were ever gathered under canvas before.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

JANESVILLE MARKETS.

Reported for the Gazette by Samp & Gray, Grain and Produce Dealers.

JANESVILLE, July 19.
Receipts of grain have been light during the past week, which is owing mostly to farmers being busy in securing the crop. Wheat is dull and 50c lower, and the tendency is downward. The heavy receipts of new winter wheat at Chicago has caused a decline of 10c/12c there, hence the heavy falling off here. Oats are salable at 45c/50c, with but little offering. Barley remains dull with light sales at 40c/45c for old. Corn and Onions in good demand at full quotations:
FLOUR—Patent \$2.15 per sack. Vienna \$1.10
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—5c per sack.
MEAL—corn, \$1.35 per 100.
FEED—\$1.25/1.45 per 100 lbs.
MIDDLINGS—100c \$1.00/1.10. Ton \$20.
HAY—\$1 per ton.
WHEAT—Winnipeg, 40c/45c. Good to best spring 40c/45c. Common to fair quality 35c/40c.
RYE—in good request at 45c/50c per 100 lbs.
BUCKWHEAT—for seed 80c/100c for 52 lbs.
BAILEY—ranges at 50c/55c according to quality.
CORN—New Shelled per 50 lbs. 75c/78c. car per 75 lbs. 75c/78c.
OATS—white 60c/65c; mixed 48c/50c.
TIMOTHY SEED—in demand at \$1.80/\$2.10 per 40 pounds.
CLOVER SEED—Salable at \$2.75/3.00. 25 per bushel; for good to best quality.
HAY—Timothy \$3.00/\$3.10 per ton; clover and other kinds \$1.00/\$1.10.
POTATOES—New at 30c/35c per bushel.
BUTTER—Good supply at 15c/16c for choice.
BEANS—wanted at \$1.75/\$2.25 per bushel.
EGGS—at 14c/15c per doz, fresh.
HIDES—Green, 65c; calf 12c/18; Dry 12c/14.
WOOL—ranges at 25c/35c according to quality and condition.
SHEEP PELLS—range at 60c/\$1.50 each.
POULTRY—Turkeys 9c/11c; Chickens 5c/6c.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle \$1.50/\$2.50 per 100.
HOGS—\$7.10 \$7.65 per car.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

Chicago, July 24.—1 p. m.
REPORTED FOR THE GAZETTE BY A. L. BROWN, REPRESENTING A. M. WRIGHT & CO., OF CHICAGO, OFFICE, WILSON'S BLOCK.

ARTICLES.	OPENING.	CLOSING.
No. 2 Reg. Wht.	\$1.01	\$1.00
August	98 1/2	98 1/2
September	98 1/2	98 1/2
October	98 1/2	98 1/2
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November	98 1/2	98 1/2</

MONDAY, JULY 24.

The circulation of the Gazette is larger than that of any other newspaper in Rock county.

TRAVEL.

Talk at home in an easy chair. With an excellent shaded light. An excellent view of the air. From the burning of a matchstick. As evening brings a grateful rest. To bed and to bed and to bed. Or all delights I deem it best. To journey to foreign lands.

I have no need of a stately ship. Nor of a rolling sea. In chosen books I take my trip. With the goodliest company. And whether I read of foreign skies. Or the wealth of an Eastern port. I may see the world through an author's eyes. May dwell in a camp or court.

Through wonderful stock-books that belong To an artist's studio and of mine I visit the places of legend and song No famous along the Rhine. I tread the golden old romance As I sail the Northern main. I roam the vineyard valleys of France. And look for my castles in Spain.

The song of Venetian gondoliers. As they glide their moonlit boats. I seem to hear, or the mountaineers' Virgils echo. I may see the heather's purple plumes Among the banks and braes. Or wander where the primrose blooms Along the English ways.

I seek the Land of the Midnight Sun. Or trace the sources of the Nile; I find the scenes of Iliad, or study Oedipus while. Whenever I tire of time and tide, I may make a room. I have only to lay my book aside To find myself at home.

The world is wide and the world is fair. And heres good to see. I can hear and know and friends to share. Are all the world to me; And to sigh in vain for foreign sight I turn surely to my pen. As long as people live to write. And I may live to read. —Mark Twain, in Harper's Bazar.

NAMING THE TWINS.

There never was a prouder man than Mr. Horatio Jones when he found himself the parent of a fine pair of twins. A boy and a girl. He implicitly credited the statement of the nurse that the boy was the finest and the girl the loveliest infant ever born within her knowledge; and his face beamed with delight when old Mr. Booker detected unmistakable bumps of genius on the head of the male infant; and Mrs. Martin asserted that the nose of the girl, which at present seemed of no particular or definite shape, gave certain promise of turning out a pure Grecian. Mrs. Martin, who had twelve children of her own, must, of course, know.

Mrs. Jones' mother—Mrs. Crutchings—had, of course, been with her daughter several weeks previous to the birth of the infants; and immediately on receiving intelligence of that important event, Grandma Jones arrived, for the purpose of consulting her son and looking after the welfare of the new additions to the house of Jones.

It was during her stay that the important question of choosing names for the twins was discussed and decided. It was on a Sunday, and Uncle and Aunt Jackson and Cousin Joshua had been invited to dinner, after which, Miss Arabella Walters, an intimate friend of Mrs. Jones, had dropped in, speedily followed by Mr. Weatherby Jones, a distant relative of the family, though on very familiar terms with them.

Seated around a cozy fire, with sherry wine and walnuts on a round-table, the company were very pleasant and cheerful, until after awhile Cousin Joshua inquired what the twins were to be called—a subject which had never been the subject of conversation, alluded to by either Grandma Jones or Grandma Crutchings.

"Ahem!" said Jones, stroking his side-whiskers. "It occurs to me, since there are so many of us met together this evening, that it would be a favorable opportunity of choosing names for the babies."

"Suppose we have 'em in and see what they look like," said Cousin Joshua, a bald-headed, jolly-looking old gentleman. "Then we can choose names to suit them."

Accordingly, a message was dispatched to the nurse, and that important personage soon entered, bearing upon each stout arm a very tiny and very pink specimen of infantile humanity, buried in a froth of lace and ruffles.

The company gathered around and minutely inspected the pair, with various comments and expressions of admiration.

"The image of his father," said Mrs. Jackson; "and the girl—bless the teeny-weeny tiny darlings! the perfect type of her mother."

Jones looked highly gratified—until Mr. Jackson observed, with a sideways point of his head:

"Well, now to my mind they're like nobody I ever saw before, except—other babies. They're all as much alike as a bushel of peas."

Mrs. Jackson, a large woman of commanding aspect, cast a glance of severe admonition at her husband.

He was a little, nervous-looking man, whose misfortune it was to be perpetually doing and saying ill-timed things, though with the best intentions in the world.

After a sufficient amount of petting from their grandmothers, and of raptures from Miss Arabella, with a distant stare from Mr. Weatherby Jones, who seemed rather afraid of them, the twins were borne away, and the discussion of their future names was resumed.

"As there seems to be no personal peculiarity about them to suggest a name," observed Cousin Joshua, "any ordinary name will do—only, being twins, you see, the names, like the owners, should resemble each other. What do you say to Thomas and Themasia, or Samuel and Samuella, for instance?"

"O, no, indeed!" said Mrs. Jones, quickly. "No common names for my babies; something pretty and striking. I don't object to the names being somewhat alike, considering that they are twins."

"I wouldn't have 'em alike if I were you, Emily," said her mother. "The children are enough alike already, and they'd never be able to know themselves apart."

The company admitted the reasonableness of this objection; but Cousin Joshua would not give up his point.

"Twins ought to have twin-like names," he maintained—"names that pair together, as it were. Such as—"

"and he scratched his head with a puzzled air.

"Bell and Beau," suggested Mr. Weatherby.

"Jack and Gill; or may be Punch and Judy would do," said Mr. Jackson, and immediately strunk up under the withering glances cast upon him.

Nobody but Cousin Joshua laughed; and Mr. Weatherby Jones looked from the window, and remarked, absently, that it was a fine day.

"O!" cried Miss Arabella, clasping her fair hands in sudden ecstasy, "I

have thought of the very thing. I am and Virginia!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jones seemed pleased at this suggestion.

I am sure they are very pretty names," said Emily, looking appealingly at her husband. "What do you say, dear?"

"Well, really, my love, I see no objection if you like them."

"No, I," said Cousin Joshua.

There was a pause.

"I never knew any one of the name of Paul," commenced Grandma Crutchings, solemnly, "who didn't turn out badly. There was Paul Simpkins, who fell off a guano-pile and broke his left-hand forefinger when he was only four years old; and Paul Hicks, sent to State's Prison for stealing; and—"

"But there was the Apostle Paul, ma'am," said Mrs. Jones. "He was a saint, you know."

"The Apostle Paul lived in old times," replied Mrs. Crutchings, decisively. "Things are changed since then. Besides, he was sent into prison and put to death, as you know," she added, looking around with an air of superiority.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said Mr. Weatherby Jones, "to give the boy the name of some great man? The coincidence of being a second—"

"—Hannibal or Cicero would probably have a good influence upon him, and render him ampler of preserving the honor of the name, and of emulating the fame of his illustrious namesake."

"George Washington?" suggested Aunt Jackson.

"Too common. I know at least fifteen George Washingtons—white and black!" said Jones.

"Suppose you choose some name closely associated with the Father of our Country," said Cousin Joshua—"something that would be continually reminding your boy of that great and good man, and urging him on to imitate him!"

"Little Hatchet! And the girl, Cherry, after the cherry-tree, you know," said Cousin Jackson, in the triumphant consciousness of having at last made a brilliant hit.

And he could not account for the profound contempt with which his suggestion was received.

"That Little Hatchet suggests an Indian name," observed Jones, thoughtfully. "I've always had a partiality for Indian names. I fancy they confer an air of distinction, besides being peculiarly appropriate to an American-born child."

"Well, some of the Indian names are lovely," Miss Arabella declared, with enthusiasm. "There are Minnehaha and Osceola, and Powhatan and Pocahontas—though these last are usual enough in the upper classes of Virginia—and Teanumseh and Warowocomo—unless this is too long."

"Warowocomo Jones—that is rather too long," murmured Emily.

"How would Nana do? Stitting Bull's wife was called Nana."

Here Mr. Jackson's voice was heard, faintly suggesting Spotted Tail and Wampum, or Pow-wow and Calumet, "or something of that sort." But Grandma Jones interposed.

"If you want to make a yelling, scolding savage of your child, Horatio," she said, severely, to her son, "we will not call him Tomahawk, or Wildcat, or Poison-snake, at once, and be done with it!"

"Why, mother, Poison-snake Jones would scarcely sound well in my opinion."

But Mrs. Jones, senior, was evidently, for some reason, seriously offended.

"Ma," said Emily, observing that her mother had not spoken, but sat with stiffly folded hands and pursed-up lips, "can't you suggest something?"

"I'll try my own feelings, Emily, as the daughter of one of the best of men and fathers, have not suggested to you a name for your boy—your first boy—then I regard it as useless my making any suggestion."

There was a dead silence, and everybody looked at everybody else.

"You go for family names, perhaps, ma'am?" said Cousin Joshua. "Pray what was the Christian name of your late respected husband?"

"His name, sir," responded the widow, solemnly—"his name was Nicholas Peter Crutchings; and a better or more amiable-tempered man never lived."

Here Grandma Jones gave an audible snort; and Mr. Jackson observed, pleasantly:

"Yes, madam, I remember him very well, and that his name was Nicholas for the fact he was street used to call him Old Nick, which naturally riled him considerably. Many a thrashing I've seen him bestow upon those young rascals."

"I have always thought," commenced Grandma Jones, with great deliberation; "I have always been under the impression that a man's first boy would naturally be named after himself or his own father. My husband's name was Nicholas Peter Crutchings Jones."

"On the contrary, ma'am," said Mrs. Crutchings, frigidly—"if you will excuse me—I have always understood it to be the custom for the eldest son to bear the name of his mother's family—thus notifying distinctly what two families he represents."

"Crutchings Jones?" murmured Mr. Horatio Jones, critically.

"Thaddens Horatio would sound better, I should think," said his mother, jollyly. "If you have no regard for the memory of your blessed father, Horatio, and no desire to perpetuate in your family the remembrance of his virtues, then it is useless my saying anything further. As to myself," she added, with dignity, "I trust that I can do my duty as a grandmother to your daughter, whether or not she is called by my name."

Here the old lady's voice faltered, but she would not vouch for the momentary weakness produced by the consciousness of neglect and injury. She adjusted her cap and looked defiantly around.

"Well," said Jones' mother-in-law, with sarcastic emphasis, "I must say that when a person expects a young woman to overlook and slight her own mother, and name her first girl-baby after another person—why, I'm prepared for anything!"

"I should think, ma'am, that a person would have a right to expect it, so long as she is in the way of her mother's weakness produced by the consciousness of neglect and injury. She adjusted her cap and looked defiantly around."

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nervousness. Mr. Weatherby Jones sucked the head of his cane, and Miss Arabella pensively toyed with her watch-chain.

"I don't see," said Mrs. Jackson, meditatively—"I don't see how the question is ever to be settled, unless you allow the twins to grow up and choose names for themselves."

"Or call them after everybody at once," suggested her husband.

For once his idea was considered worthy of attention. Cousin Joshua immediately took it up.

"Suppose you call the boy after both his grandfathers—Thaddens Peter—and the girl, after both her grandmothers—"

"Jemima Jane Jones! What a name!" sobbed Emily.

"Couldn't we prefix some ornamental name," said Miss Arabella, "by which the little darlings might be usually called?"

This proposition being approved, it was further proposed that the grandmothers themselves should have the privilege of choosing these qualifying first names. The two ladies were thereupon waited on and informed of this arrangement. Mrs. Crutchings was discovered to be packing her trunk, and Mrs. Jones reading a sermon upon "The Trials of our Earthly Life"; but they were induced to return to the company and though neither appeared perfectly satisfied with the new arrangement, a more harmonious feeling was soon restored.

"I think," said Mrs. Crutchings, thoughtfully—"I think Eglantine the prettiest female name in the world. It was the name of the heroine of a novel which I wrote at boarding-school, and never had published. The girls used to go wild over it."

And, said Grandma Jones, pensively, "There is, in my opinion, no nobler-sounding name than Hamilton. I had a lover of that name—my first lover—whom my papa forbade my marrying."

So the twins were called Hamilton Thaddens Peter, and Eglantine Jane Jerusha.

But there's no foreseeing the course of human events, and to this day the Jones twins are known to all their acquaintances by the twin-like abbreviations of Ham and Eggs!—Saturday Night.

The Wrong Verdict.

A fresh anecdote of John T. Raymond, never before printed, is related by one who was a member of his dramatic company and who is now in this city. It was in 1877 that Raymond, as the immortal Sellers, was doing the Western country. At Evansville, Ind., the house was filled, and the audience, the critics say, was in rapport with the actors. The play went along swimmingly until the denouement was reached.

This it is well known, occurred the jury scene which closes the drama. At every village a new jury is obtained from the populace. Leading persons of the place are sometimes honored with a position in the box, and it was so at Evansville. The collection was one of the finest ever on the stage—doctors, lawyers and such-like. The foreman was a six-foot Kentuckian and a judge, too. He had for years adorned the bench, and was never known to quail in public. It was from his mouth that "not guilty" was to be received, and he had been duly cautioned as to his lines. As soon as the verdict is rendered Sellers throws up his hat, hugs the accused and performs many wonderful side plays, after which the curtain descends. At Evansville Raymond did his prettiest, gyrating before the judges like a madman and "fixing the jury" in his inimitable manner. When the case had closed and the jury were expected to return the cut-and-dried verdict of "not guilty," the foreman—this six-foot Kentuckian and a judge to boot—was attacked with stage-fright and started everybody by shouting:

"Guilty!"

"What?" inquired the disconcerted Sellers.

"Guilty," said the forgetful foreman, thinking he was doing himself and the Evansville party proud.

In vain Raymond giggled; the verdict was plainly "guilty." Therefore the play couldn't go on as it was laid down; there was no chance for that throwing or hugging. The audience was slow to catch the mistake, and a wave of hearty laughter began to sweep over the parquette. At last Raymond seeing things to be in a desperate state, began to "fix" the jury again, and buttonholing the big foreman, whispered the proper verdict in his ear. Whereupon the big six-footer mildly stammered out:

"Not guilty!"

The last went up, the lucky accused was congratulated, and the curtain rung down amid the laughter and applause of the audience. That big Kentuckian, however, was never again foreman of any of Raymond's juries.—New Haven (Conn.) Union.

Do Your Own Repairing.

We think that almost every farmer will agree with us that every farm should have its own workshop, and every cultivator of the land should understand how to use it. He may not do so when he first enters upon farming on coming of age; but after a year or two or what we should call apprenticeship, when he finds that "the way to do things" is absolutely indispensable, he will rapidly learn to attend to most of his own repairing of the ordinary implements and machines upon his premises, instead of incurring delay, expense and uncertainty by depending upon professionals at a distance. Rather than to be without a workshop and the necessary tools, one should be erected expressly for the purpose, in a convenient spot, and daily warmed in winter so as to be ready at all times for use, in which many odd jobs can be done also not immediately connected with the farm.

All ordinary wooden repairing ought to be done by the farmer and his hands during many days in winter, when there is plenty of time to spare to do things. Every part of a wheelbarrow, except the wheel, ought to be made on the premises; new forks and handles of iron rakes, repairing even some portions of the farm machinery, building of garden and yard fences, repairing roofs, building of corn-cribs, log-pens, wagon and cart shelves, making of the frames of hot-beds, and all the many jobs requiring to be done about a well conducted place too numerous to mention. A person becomes very handy in the use of good tools after a short experience, and saves many a dollar without consuming any time necessary for the usual demands of the farm.

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